



The sojourner. Volume III, Number 4 April 1944

Civic Understudies (Group : Two Rivers, Wis.)
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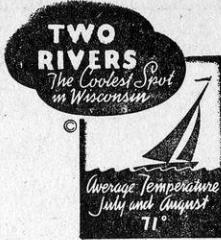
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The Sojourner

Dedicated to our Native Sons and Daughters Serving in the
Armed Forces of our Country



Volume III

TWO RIVERS, WISCONSIN, APRIL 1944

Number 4



SPRING HAS COME AND SO HAS OUR BIRTHDAY

The first robins have appeared in Two Rivers! That's a sure sign that "spring has come." It's a glorious feeling to have the soft warm breezes thaw out our stiffened limbs. Our whole body is infused with an uncontrollable desire to commune with Mother Nature. Without too much hesitation we succumbed to the urge, but just to be on the safe side, (you know Two Rivers' lake breezes) we donned three sweaters, a jacket, mittens, ear muffs and boots for our tramp up Picnic Hill.

Bits of green grass were bravely poking their heads above slivers of old snow and in the middle of a family of four birch trees a patch of May flowers were swaying rather rhythmically in what appeared to be the Conga movement. All around us the robins were giving out with the mating calls and the buds on the elms and maples were almost ready to pop into tiny, new leaves. Every now and then we would catch a fleeting glimpse of a squirrel darting about.

For over an hour we wandered around, running up and down hills, sitting on the benches which hadn't been used since last October, feasting our eyes and ears and smelling the good, warm earth. We probably had a very heavy attack of you know what because we were acting like a bunch of kids with a new toy. But that was just it! Everything did seem new—so fresh and alive.

We couldn't help noticing, however, that one of the girls had been remarkably silent for a long time, and we gave forth with the trite, "A penny for your thoughts." Blinking a bit and coming down to earth, she said, "O. K., if you promise not to interrupt me, I'll tell you. You'll probably think I'm screwy, but everything I saw today reminded me of our paper. In fact, by putting them all together and using your imagination a bit, they could portray the growth of the Sojourner. Remember that patch of May flowers back there swaying back and forth in the wind? To me it looked just like the Civic Understudies two years ago, going from one idea to another not knowing what to do, until Katherine's nimble brain burst forth with the idea of a news letter for the servicemen. (There were just

men, then.) That idea could be the buds on the trees developing into leaves which would be the letters from the fellows making up the paper. Corny, what?

"Anyway, that first issue was a honey, wasn't it? Just four typewritten pages—a few letters, a Sgt. Snork report on the back page, engagements, marriages and births. All of a sudden everyone seemed to be having babies, so we had to omit the births after that. We even had two boys on the staff, S/Sgt. Paul Neveau and Pfc. Donald Sauve. They were civilians then. In that issue we announced the "Win a Fin" contest to name the paper and Edw. Pietroski of the U. S. Coast Guard won the "Fin" by suggesting "The Sojourner." Remember how excited we were when those first letters came from the fellows? I'm glad we're saving all of them. Perhaps when it's all over, the fellows will get a bang out of reading them over again.

"After those first few letters, the Sojourner really began to grow, didn't it? We celebrated our first birthday last year by having **eight** pages on blue paper and printed just like a regular newspaper. The printing angle was too good to last, though, because the Vocational School Print Shop took their summer vacation then, and we had to go back to mimeographing it at Hamilton's office. Some of those summer nights were really warm, but we "sweated it out."

"Soon it was August, Mr. Gunderson left us to teach at Madison, our funds were almost gone and we were just about ready to give up the paper. Then, like a terrific fanfare, the Vets came through with their offer to be our financial sponsors. They wanted to do something for the fellows in the service and since so many of the fellows expressed their real appreciation of the paper, the Vets felt that keeping the paper in existence would be really worthwhile.

"Not long after that, in December to be exact, the Vocational Print Shop took over again, Mr. Schmeichel became our advisor and Mr. Albert Malley did the linotyping. It was fun and we felt like real "big shots" for a while getting printer's ink on our fingers, reading proof and meeting deadlines. We were more than happy to send out those first issues with actual pictures.

"Two members of the staff got the wanderlust then—Evelyn Palzer left to live in Los Angeles, California, and Faye Hallett joined the WAC and is now in Georgia in basic training. I heard they're both having fun and hoping they'll bump into some of the fellows from here.

"Golly, I've been talking for a long time, haven't I? But did you gals realize that the April issue will be our second birthday and that we'll be starting a new year? Let's all hope and pray that it will be our last year and that it will be a happy year for all of the fellows and us. It would be grand, wouldn't it, if the fellows would help us celebrate our second birthday by writing us a letter. Some of them haven't written even once, but I suppose they're all pretty busy right now.

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THE SOJOURNER

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BITS FROM THE BARRACKS

Dear Staff,

While I'm taking the time to give you my change of address, I'll kill those two birds everyone talks about so much, with one stone, and also write a short letter. That's something I should have done a long time ago.

After being in the army a year, I feel ashamed of myself for not having written sooner to tell you the swell job you're doing and my sincerest thanks for everything.

I usually have a lot to say in a letter no matter who I'm writing to, but right now when I'd like to say so many things, I just can't come out with them.

I might add that it's a relief to be out of Texas. The people here in Springfield are the friendliest people I have met, aside from Two Rivers. This isn't a soldier's town—yet, but it will be.

As you all probably know, I'm one of the "Goldbrick Medics." That is, I was up until I came up here to Missouri to take a course in Dental Technicians. Aside from attending classes all day, and studying two hours every night, we have plenty of time for ourselves—on weekends.

I hate to start talking shop, or talk about something that might not interest you lucky civilians. Best of luck to all my friends and everyone else in camps and combat all over the world.

Pvt. Leo "Rocky" Rocklewitz,
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Staff,

After my boot training last July at the Naval Training Station at Farragut, Idaho, I was transferred to the Sea Bee's training station at Williamsburg, Va. After a few weeks, they put me in S. D. 115 which was replacement for the 8th Battalion. So then I was transferred here to Camp Parks and have been in the 8th ever since. I've been striking for ship's cook and I expect a crow in a few months. A crow's a rating from 3/c up. I got S 1/c the fourteenth of February. I don't think it pays to tell you what the Sea Bees are, for I think by now you all know. It's a grand outfit and I'm glad I'm in it.

Oliver "Red" Barrett S 1/c,
Camp Parks, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Two months ago, I was taken from the cold of Illinois and stationed here at Harlingen, Texas. It's twenty-five miles from the nearest bridge crossing the Rio Grande River going into Mexico.

The weather! Oh! What a subject, it's just plain perfect and I've just go to tell you about it. I know it is rather cold at home, but here at Harlingen the temperature is much like that of the Coolest Spot in Wisconsin in June or July. The sun is quite warm. In fact, I've got quite a sun tan.

While I was sitting in the barracks one day, I received a notice to report to post-headquarters. Without delay I took off on the run, because it isn't very often one gets called there. When one does, it's usually quite important. When I got there, I was told to wait around for a little while. As I stood there smoking a cigarette, in walked none other than Major Norman Lyons. Major Lyons is from Two Rivers, and is a brother to Francis Lyons of the city.

They told him I was Raymond Weber, so he took me to his office. The first thing I asked him was how did he know I was in Harlingen. He told me that his nephew, Mark Lyons S 2/c, had written him and told him.

After talking to him for quite a while about Two Rivers and other such things, he asked me if I cared to go to a Mexican town somewhere in the interior of Mexico. Naturally, I said "yes." So he and I have a date for next Saturday.

I've already been to a Mexican city right across the Rio Grande River, but a Mexican City on the border isn't a typical Mexican city. The people in Matamoros, which is just across the river, are hungry for United States money. They charge you as much as possible for everything you buy. Our money is worth four and eight-tenths as much as theirs. I found the city very odd, dirty, backward and fantastic. Everything was new to me and very interesting.

To my brother who is on his way to sea, I'd like to say, "Our bet still holds. I'll still get a Jap before you if I have to swim to Tokyo with a pea shooter."

Pvt. Roy Weber,
Harlingen, Texas

Hi Staff,

Greetings once again from the land of enchantment—India. I just received your January issue today and had to write immediately to compliment you on your new "dress." It sure is quite the thing.

It does a fellow a lot of good to hear from the boys scattered all over the world. I can't say I'm actually in love with this place, but put a few white women up here and a fellow could bear it. The shortage up here is much worse than the shortages of men back in Two Rivers. Heck! They ain't too old or too young up here—they just ain't.

I guess I'm just about ready to go over the "Hump" again tonite—as much as I hate flying it at nite, but then I guess somebody has to do it and I'm here.

Give my regards to all of the boys back in the good old U. S. A. and all those spread out to the four corners of the earth. I pity the poor town of Two Rivers when we return. Think it'll stand the shock? See you all at Oscar's.

Cpl. Norman Walecka,
Somewhere in India

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to inform you that I am in the best of condition, and I sure hope that you are all feeling fine, too.

The taverns here are called "pubs" and the whiskey here is called spirits, funny isn't it? Another thing, here you ask for a pint of beer instead of a beer or a glass of beer like you would ask for in the states.

Pvt. Harvey Gauthier,
Somewhere in England

Dear Staff,

This Rainbow Division is a good one. It is the favorite division from the last war, and it is going to be a better division than the last one. We sure have a tough bunch of men here—they are ready to go over sea on a minute's notice.

I have to close for you know I have to go on K. P. tomorrow. That's one thing I don't like about this army.

Pvt. Daniel Petrashek,
Camp Gruber, Okla.

Dear Staff,

As you already know, I am still in the South Seas. I have been for the past two years; still I can't get used to it. It may be a swell place during peace time, but under the present conditions it's not so hot. We may have the palm trees, trade winds and tropical moon (still it's no good to us), but as "Babe" Duvall puts it, there is no Dorothy Lamour.

At present, we are looking forward to going home some time this year. Just how soon, I couldn't say. Hope it's real soon. I understand we have first priority, that sounds good. Almost too good to be true. Here's looking forward to seeing you all soon.

Now I'd like to say "hello" to Anton Shesta, Kenneth Emond, Harold Deau, and to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Elliott whose marriage was a surprise to me. Good luck, fellows. And to Col. N. B. Wood, there are a lot more fellows from T. R. in your neighborhood than you think. May run across you one of these days. I'm about in "your neck of the woods."

May I wish the best of luck to all the fellows (can't forget the women) and our service women from home. May God bless you all and see you home safe.

Must run along now. My sweet roll dough is ready to go to work on. I am now company baker.

Cpl. Isaac Duprey,
Somewhere in New Guinea

Dear Staff,

I'm still down here in the Sunny South of Georgia. It isn't much of a state, just as bad as Louisiana, but we have to take what they dish out. Right now we are having a rainy season, and when it rains down here it really does rain. Pretty sloppy—nothing like good old Wisconsin.

I'd like to send my regards to all the boys and girls in the service wherever they may be.

Sgt. Frank Siminski,
Fort Benning, Ga.

P. S. I agree with Edgar Gloe in regard to the unfortunate corporal. I'd like nothing better than to be there than to be tramping through these swamps of Georgia.

Dear Staff,

Upon receiving the December issue of the Sojourner a few days ago, I decided I'd better get busy and drop you a line as to my new address. The Sojourner is such a swell and newsy paper that I can't afford to have it chasing me through my past three old addresses.

I'm stationed at Hammer Field in a Night Fighter Squadron, my duties being aerial engineer and mechanic. This is a new assignment for me for previously I was on Medium Bombers. Right now I'm being trained for Night Fighter tactics and I think I'm going to like it.

I met Elmer Gauthier in the Replacement Depot division on this Post, and we spent many pleasant hours talking about Two Rivers and old times. His description upon getting a Sojourner is like getting a forlough. I'm sure we all feel the same way and nothing brings us closer to home and old friends than your little paper.

A month ago I was home for ten days and you'll never know how swell Two Rivers is until you away from it. I guess everyone writes that and no one knows better than our friends over there.

Cpl. Danny Youra,
Fresno, Calif.

Dear Staff,

Little does one realize how welcome news about someone from back home is, until they have gone through the experience. One has friends in these strange cities and localities, but it is a casual friendship that is begun one day and perhaps broken the next day or week or month by a troop movement or otherwise. Of course, it is natural just to maintain a day-to-day interest in the fellows, as we know that when we come back to Two Rivers, the boy whose father has a cotton farm in Georgia, the Jewish lad from Brooklyn, the lawyer from San Francisco will be just memories of the good times we had together. There is little chance we will ever see each other again, for we hope the duty that brought us together will never have an opportunity to develop again, either for us or our posterity.

Boys and girls in this war are traveling to the far corners of the earth, yet the thing they look for most of all is news from home and friends. News from home and friends—that is the job you are doing so wonderfully, putting forth an unrelentless effort in your precious spare time, which many others would spend in the pursuit of their own happiness and pleasure.

Donald Hopkins,
Ft. Sam Houston, Texas

P. S. This is a field bread baking outfit, a part of the 4th army and we are on maneuvers at the present time. However, the baking tents operate 24 hours daily as much of this bread goes to troops on maneuvers in Louisiana.

Dear Staff,

I noticed several fellows are in New York. I make liberty there at night once in a while. It sure would be swell to meet some of the fellows there sometime.

I graduated from Diesel school today. I was hoping to be assigned to a sub right away, but no such luck. I'll be on a relief crew on the base for a month or so and wait my turn.

Ken Davis F 1/c
New London, Conn.

Dear Staff,

I've received the first issue of the Sojourner in Sicily while I was in the hospital with malaria. That was the only means I've had of finding out where all the Two Rivers' boys are at. As I read your paper, I noticed quite a few of the Two Rivers' boys are in the same theater I was in Africa, Sicily, and Italy. I was never fortunate enough to meet any of the boys.

Arrived in the U. S. A. this January after an absence of nine months. Just had a 32-day leave and am now stationed in Rhode Island. I was also promoted to Signalman third class while doing duty in Sicily. I noticed several of the boys griping about the state or camp they're in. But fellows, be at least thankful you're still in the GOOD OLD U. S. A. The rest of the fellows that have seen foreign duty will tell you the same thing. One of the fellows in Sicily wrote a poem about the island, which I think is perfect so I'll be looking forward to seeing it published in the Sojourner. So to all the Two Rivers boys in service "So long and good luck."

Emil E. Cigler SM 3/c
Melville, R. I.

PANORAMA OF SICILY

If I were an artist, with nothing to do
I'd paint a picture, a composite view,
Of historic Sicily, in which I'd show
Visions of contrasts, the high and the low.

There'd be towering mountains, a deep blue sea,
Filthy brats yelling "CARAMELLA" at me.
High-plumed horses, and colorful carts,
Two-toned tresses on hustling tarts.

I'd show Napoleonic cops, the Carabinieri,
Dejected old women, with too much to carry.
A dignified gentleman, with a Balboa beard,
Bare-bottomed bambinos, both ends smeared.

Castle and palace, opera house too,
Hotel on a mountain, marvelous view.
Homes made of woods, bricks and mud,
People covered with scabs, scurvy and crud.

Chapels and churches, great to behold,
Each a king's ransom, in glittering gold.
Poverty and want, men craving for food,
Picking through garbage, practically nude.

Stately cathedrals with high-toned bells,
Ricovero shelters, with horrible smells,
Moulding catacombs, a place for the dead.
Noisy civilians clamoring for bread.

Palatial villas with palm trees tall,
A stinking hovel, mere hole in a wall,
Tree fringed lawns, swept by the breeze,
Goats wading in filth up to their knees.

Revealing statures, all details complete,
A sensual lass, with sores on her feet.
Big-breasted damsels, but never a bra,
Bumping against you, there should be a law.

Creeping boulevards, a spangled team,
Alleys that wind like a dope-fiend's dream.
Flowers blooming on the side of the hill,
A sidewalk latrine, with privacy nil.

Two by four shops, with shelving all bare
Gesturing merchants, arms flailing the air;
Narrow gauge sidewalks, more like a shelf,
Butt-puffing youngster, scratching himself.

Lumbering carts, hogging the road,
Nondescript trucks, frequently towed.
Diminutive donkeys, loaded for bear,
Horsedrawn taxis, seeking a fare.

Determined pedestrians, courting disaster
Walking in gutters, where movement is faster.
Sicilian drivers, all accident bound,
Weaving and twisting to cover the ground.

Homemade brooms, weeds tied to a stick
Used on the streets, to clean off the brick.
Bicycles and pushcarts, blocking your path,
Street corner politicos, needing a bath.

Arrogant wretches, picking up snipes,
Miniature fiats, various types.
Young street singer, hand organ tune,
Shoeshine boys, a sidewalk saloon.

Barbers galore, with manners quite mild,
Prolific women, all heavy with child.
Il Duce's secret weapon, kids by the score,
Caused by his bonus, which is no more.

A beauteous maiden, a smile on her face,
With a breath of garlic, fouling the place.
Listless housewife, no shoes on her feet,
Washing and cooking out in the street.

The family wash, of tattle-tale grey,
Hung from a balcony, blocking the way.
Native coffee, God what a mixture,
Tiled bathroom, with one extra fixture.

Families dining from one common bowl,
Next to a fish store, a terrible hole.
Sicilian zoot suiters, flashily dressed,
Bare-footed beggars, looking oppressed.

Mud-smeared children, clustering about,
Filling their jugs at a community spout.
A dutiful mother, with look of despair,
Picking the lice from her small daughter's hair.

Capable craftsmen, skilled in their art,
Decrepit old shacks, falling apart,
Intricate needlework, out on display,
Surrounded by filth, rot and decay.

Elegant caskets, carved out by hand,
Odorous factories, where leather is tanned.
A shoemakers shop, a black market store,
Crawling with vermin, no screen on the door.

I've tried to describe things I've seen,
Panorama of Sicily, the brown and the green,
I've neglected the war scars, visible yet
But those are the things we want to forget
I'm glad I came, but damned anxious to go,
Give it back to the natives, I'm ready to blow.

Dear Staff,

I have been away from Two Rivers for 14 months now and during that time I have received my training and was sent to a line outfit. I took mechanized cavalry and that is what I am in now. I have seen most of North Africa and plenty of Italy. I am what the army calls a second soldier now. I have had plenty of experience on the front lines and now I hope to get to go home.

I haven't seen Two Rivers or anybody from there since I joined the army. There was a time when I almost got the chance, when I was still in the States, to see someone from the old town. Something always came up and I never got the chance. I see in the Sojourner that there are some more boys from Two Rivers here. I am going to look them up just as soon as I get the chance.

There is not much we can say about the country from here, but even though it has been torn up by war it still is beautiful, and there are many beautiful places to see.

I have been overseas for ten months now and don't hear much news about the town so I will be looking forward to receiving the Sojourner in the future.

Pvt. Robert C. Prue
Somewhere in Italy

Dear Staff,

Although my rank has been reduced to a private, I am still the same happy guy. When I was in Brooklyn, the lights were so bright and everything so gay I didn't know what time it was and I came in very late and, well, you know what that means in the army. Don't let anybody kid you, Brooklyn sure is a swell spot.

Well, they sure keep us busy here. If we're not training we are in school, and if you don't pass your exams, you have to go at night. There isn't much choice on what to do.

Here's wishing you all a very Happy Easter and also all the fellows in the service.

Pvt. Darwin Dassey
Camp Edwards, Mass.

Dear Staff,

I was just stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, which was a very nice place even though we didn't realize it at the time. After we received our basic training and a little advanced training we moved to the Mojave Desert which was on June 10 of '43. We stayed there 'til around January 20th of '44. From there we moved to Fort Ord, California, where we were put in an amphibian tank battalion, previous to being in a regular tank outfit. I personally think these amphibians are the real McCoy and the future thing in the invasions of the Jap-held islands. That is what we expect soon to take a part in. Up to date, we have had many thrills and disasters out to sea with these vehicles but at present we have them very well under control.

Now as for California being sunny, it is in some parts, but we sure don't see too much sun here at Fort Ord. It rains nearly every other day and for several days at a time. So you see in some parts, such as the desert, they get too much sun and in some parts there isn't enough.

Well, I guess I have said plenty for this time, so until I have more time, "goodbye" and goodluck".

Cpl. Ivan E. Gauthier,
Ford Ord, Calif.

Dear Staff,

I greet you from the U. S. Naval Hospital, Navy No. 128 somewhere out in the Pacific. In looking over the staff, I can say that if the Veterans of Foreign Wars are the sponsors, the paper is bound to go places. More power to you and the Veterans. As I write to you "under-covers," I cannot tell you very much of my work. As a Pharmacist Mate, we must do almost all types of work. At this hospital there are only pharmacists mates on the staff. Some do one kind of work, while others do something else, all working for one cause—the end of the war.

Tell "Butch" LaFond that he could lose a few pounds, I have.

Oscar C. Stockmeyer Jr. Ph. M. 2/c
Somewhere in the Pacific

Dear Staff,

Can't write a thing
The censor's to blame.
Just say I'm swell,
And sign my name.
Can't say where we sailed from.
Can't mention the date.
Can't remember the last time I ate.
Can't say where we are going.
Don't know where we'll land.
Couldn't inform you,
If met by a band.
Can't mention the weather.
Can't say if there's rain.
All military secrets
Must secrets remain.
Can't have a flashlight
To guide me at night.
Can't smoke a cigarette,
Except out of sight.
Can't keep a diary
For such is a sin.
Can't keep the envelopes
Your letters come in.
Can't say for sure
Just what I can write,
So I'll close this letter
And close with goodnight.

Pvt. Ervin H. Diedrich
Somewhere in New Guinea

Dear Staff,

I have been receiving the Sojourner (a couple of editions coming late—about six months) for the past fifteen months or thereabouts. This is the first time I've had to write and tell you of my appreciation for your script. The description of the old home town in the December issue really brought back old memories. I sure would like to try one of Jack's Tom and Jerries.

In your issues, different boys in the service write about the different places and the fine country they are in. The situation I'm in, I can't tell you what countries I've been in and the different places I visited. Rather surprisingly, I've visited many a country and island you dream about and wished to have visited, but there is no place like Two Rivers with Bucky's Tavern.

In one of your articles one of the boys in England remarked how fast the English pound passed out of his hand. Where I'm at, the dollar bill just doesn't move.

Arthur Last, CY
c/o Fleet Post Office, San Francisco

Dear Staff,

At present, I'm going to school in Jacksonville, Fla. I am taking an aviation electrician mate's course right now. I was transferred to Jacksonville after completing four months on electricity at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

I had the pleasure of meeting Harlan Scheer in Jacksonville while he was on a 8 hr. pass from Camp Blanding. Sure was glad to see someone who has good old T. R. blood in his veins.

Victor B. Sager, F 1/c
Jacksonville, Fla.

The Sojourner,

The boys sure write interesting letters. It is with great interest that I read my brother's letter in the Christmas issue. At present he is in England, I understand.

Recently, I had the pleasure of meeting the members of my old outfit in the infantry. While I visited Staff Sergeant John Lee, I ran across several other Two Rivers boys. Theirs has been a hard lot. The stories they tell about the Papuan campaign, the taking of Buna, makes one's hair stand up. Needless to say, our outfit took part in these campaigns, cooperating with those divisions who drove the Japs practically out of New Guinea.

Since then I have been back in Australia on a leave, and returned to find that New Guinea has advanced much closer to civilization and life has become more pleasant, despite the fact that the Nips gave us bad times. (Army slang.)

Well, better times are coming. We are looking forward to the day when all of us will hold that homecoming celebration in Two Rivers.

Regards to all my friends,

Pvt. Sol Bensman,
c/o P. M. San Francisco

Hello,

How's every little thing? I'm fine and healthy and hope you're the same. I'm in N. Africa and I sure like it here. It's pretty hard writing letters when you can't even talk about the weather. We get a newspaper here called the "Stars and Stripes." The people who live in the town are all French and Spanish. There's an old French fort right next to us. You've probably heard about the old 40 et 8 boxcars. That's what we rode in on the way over here from the place where we first landed. We sure saw some beautiful country coming through the mountains. You ought to see the big fields of grape vines. This is a big wine country. They say we have the best chow in all Africa here. The Italian prisoners do the K. P. and other menial tasks around here. We do the guard duty, though. Well, so long.

Victor P. Taddy, Cox
c/o Fleet Post Office
New York, New York

Dear Staff,

As you will note by the letter head, I am in New York once again, but I'm thankful it isn't boot again. At this station I am in the disbursing office handling the fellow's pay accounts and allotments. I enjoy my work very much. Our station is right on the ocean's edge.

I have met several fellows from Wisconsin, and three from Manitowoc. Most important, I was able to

see my brother, Jerry, when he came in.

I'll agree with everyone else that Two Rivers is still the ideal place. Of course, until all the men and women come back, I'll be satisfied to be where the Navy wants me, be it overseas or in these United States. There is one place I've been and hope I'll never be again and that is the state of Georgia. I'll be a Yankee any day.

We are a one hour's ride away from New York and are able to go in any night we have liberty. We all take advantage of the many things we are able to do and see in New York.

The Navy must have done just the opposite for Reggie Buyeski than it does for most people, because I don't remember him as a quiet, shy person—!

Until next time, I'll say good bye for now.

Jean Gunderson SK 3/c,
Lido Beach, L. I., New York

Dear Staff,

Just a few lines to let you know I am no longer a boot in Farragut, but a member of the University of Idaho. Our class consists of 700 sailors. We do not live in barracks but in a large fraternity house. We live four men to a room, food is cooked by women of the base, and we have chicken every Sunday.

Our liberties in this place come every weekend. You couldn't ask for a better liberty town than Moscow. We have about three women to every sailor. There are approximately three thousand women or coeds going to college here. Not only do we meet them on liberty, but during the week, too, as they have classes right across the hall from our classrooms.

Well, seeing that my school work is staring at me, I'll sign off. Oliver Schlueter left this city today for Calif., after studying Russian for some time.

George Gooding, Jr., S 2/c
University of Idaho

Dear Staff,

I met a friend of mine from back home, but am very sorry to say it is impossible to tell who he is. It is against Navy censorship to tell of a meeting with your friend, especially when it is over seas. I can't say where I am, but I have the best of chow there is. I am having a fairly good time. If my brother Tom sees this I wish he would write, and I want to express my gratitude toward him as a fine brother. If any of my friends in the service see this, I would like them all to drop me a line if it is possible.

I have been away from the States now for sixteen months and time sure is flying. They say that after eighteen months you can come home, so let's all hope that it is so. Most of the boys out here feel that before they get home they would like the war to be over with once and for all, so their home leave will be permanent.

I am getting into radio which I have been trying to get into for a long time. Well, finally, my turn has come. Will let you know of my new address as soon as I get it.

I was reading my paper in chow line and a boy next to me asked me what I was reading. I told him what it was and he asked me if he could read it. After he was finished, he said that his city never sends him anything like that. He sure was disappointed, but I am lucky. I want to thank you all again for the welcome news from other men overseas as well as from men in the States. Good luck to you all.

c/o P. M. San Francisco

Robert Eucke, S 1/c,

Dear Staff,

First of all I have the duty this week-end and that means that I have the office watch or telephone watch for the duty officer this Saturday and Sunday. It gives me a chance to catch up on some of the letters I have to write to my buddies in service. One way to write to all the boys is writing to the Biggest Little Paper in the world.

It is always a pleasure to get this swell paper and read the letters that come from the boys at home. I always look forward to receiving it to see if any of the boys are stationed close to me. I haven't seen any of the boys from home down in Annapolis, Md. yet. I did meet Tipper Timm in Washington, D. C. some time ago. One night I was at a party at the Statler Hotel and was dancing, and to my surprise I heard someone call my name. It was Florence Mach, and she told me that Tipper was coming down Sunday which was the next day. I made it a point to see him. We had quite a get-together with about six of us from the good old city of Two Rivers.

I went to Alexandria, Va. last weekend and still didn't find a city to compare with Two Rivers. Other cities I have been to are Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Md., Elkton, Md., and a few other cities around here. Some day I hope to go to New York. It is only about five hours' ride from here. I want to go before I leave this place if possible.

Well, I am senior man in the Supply Corps in aviation here and have quite a job on my hands. It makes the time go fast and keeps me busy all day long, so when I do get time for myself I just go out and relax for a while. I don't get too much time for myself, but take advantage of it when I do.

I hope to meet my cousin Eugene Allie who is stationed at Fort Geo. Mead, which is only about eighteen miles from here. I have written to him and am trying to make arrangements to meet him soon.

Melvin C. Tome, SK 2/c,
Annapolis, Md.

P. S. I have showed the paper to the boys here and they all wish that their city had something like it.

Dear Staff,

I am still stationed in California, and to be truthful it does rain out here. So Mr. Sunshine does go on a vacation.

I have M. P. duty here, and I am checking passes of soldiers going to and coming from town. I am doing this duty at the Main Gate, the entrance to camp. Our camp is very near the mountains so it gives the soldiers a very good chance to go "over the hill".

Pvt. Lawrence Pellerin,
c/o P. M., Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Understudies,

Received the Sojourner of September and also of December. They took a long time to get to me, so I thought I'd drop you a line and give you my new address.

I saw Alfred Gates when I was down there last year. Was pretty glad to see him. Really haven't much to write about, but the Navy is all right. Might be a twenty year man.

Howard Waskow, AM 2/c,
c/o Fleet P. O. San Francisco

Dear Staff,

Up until my transfer from the Chicago area, I have always received your paper regularly. Since then, I guess it hasn't been catching up with me. I have always enjoyed receiving it to keep up with what's what and who's who in good old Two Rivers, and I'm beginning to miss it.

Joseph C. Feuerstein, C. M. 1/c
c/o Fleet Post Office, New York

(Ed. note to all servicemen: Please avoid this situation by informing us when you change your address. Thank you.)

Dear Staff,

Tonight I received another copy of the Sojourner which has been reaching me very regularly the thirteen months I have been in the service.

A very brief sketch of my life in the army thus far would go something like this. For eleven months, I was stationed at Fort Lewis in the scenic state of Washington. Uncle Sam was kind enough to put me in Field Artillery where I learned instruments and survey.

Recently our division was moved down here to Louisiana where we are participating in maneuvers. After seeing what I have of this part of the country all I can say is, "Thank God I was born in a state like Wisconsin and raised in a city like Two Rivers." I haven't seen Two Rivers in over a year, and I am looking forward to a short visit in the very near future. Most of all I am looking forward to the day when we can all come back to Two Rivers to stay.

Before I close I would like to say "hello" to all my friends especially the fellows over there where the going is tough.

Cpl. Otto R. Blaha
Shreveport, La.

My dear friends,

Just about the time you receive these few lines you will be celebrating the second birthday of your wonderful morale building program, whose goodness is felt and warmly accepted in the four corners of the world. Little was it realized two years ago that your efforts would enable hands to be clasped across thousands of miles and news of home that we all look so hard for to be placed in our hands and hearts no matter where fate harbors us. Your efforts may be an "unsung hero" but we assure you they are deeply appreciated and respected. Please accept my congratulations on your second anniversary and a wish of continued success.

Gathering from the number of local boys in England, our armies are rapidly going overseas. It would be interesting to know how many local lads are over here. Wherever they are or whatever they're doing, the best to them all. We hope we can send or bring souvenirs from Berlin to you all for Christmas '44.

M/Sgt. Floyd Bauknecht
Somewhere in England

Dear Editor,

Received your paper. Thank the sponsors for the good mail. It's like receiving a stack of letters from your home town. All good news. Sometime in the future I will send you a permanent address.

Pvt. Anton Shesta
Somewhere in Great Britain

Dear Staff,

I have done a bit of traveling since I wrote last. From boot school in New York to the parched earth of Oklahoma A & M for specialized yeoman training. Graduated with my yeoman third class rating and headed for the great city of St. Louis, Missouri, there to take my place in the Personnel Section of the District Coast Guard Office, 9th Naval District. That was last July. St. Louis is still my stomping grounds and I still think it is a great town. Even though it is a metropolis, I have found that the civilian population abounds in friendship and hospitality. It is a great liberty town.

Perhaps you would be interested in knowing a little about how we live and what kind of work we do as SPARS. There are about 250 of us living together in a so-called SPAR barracks in the heart of the downtown section. The barracks is a seven-story former Town Club that the Coast Guard leased and turned into living quarters. Four of the floors consist of row upon row of bunks and wardrobes (double deckers, incidentally), each floor accommodating all the way from 45 to 86 girls. Each floor has shower rooms, powder rooms, etc. Our third floor is our recreation room and ship's store. Our ship's store carries all such incidentals as soaps, cosmetics, stationery, candy, tooth powder and paste, and just about everything else that you would find on a drug counter. Our fifth floor is the mess hall, and believe it or not, we have delicious food, served on plates, cafeteria style. Must be the SPAR cooks.

In case you're interested, the SPARS have a few of the army tricks too. It is nothing to come in on Sunday night and discover a couple of ambitious souls have spent the afternoon short-sheeting every bunk in the place. Or to have last-minute Sally come in, hop into bed, and let out a blood curdling scream when her feet touch a couple of ice-cold coke bottles. Or poor Jane comes in expecting to just throw her bunk together on linen exchange day and can't find her linen. After all the frantic hunting someone finally breaks down about two minutes until bed check and tells her it is under her mattress. Or someone who remembers to take down an extra box of cereal from breakfast and empties it into some unsuspecting soul's bed. All in all those things sure help to make life interesting, but could you cuss when someone tries them out on you! So life goes on in the SPAR barracks. If any of you should ever be out in St. Louis way, drop by and we'll show you a little SPAR hospitality! If it is on a Sunday, we will treat you to one of those delectable SPAR Sunday dinners.

Our work day starts at 8:30 and ends at 5 P. M. We rise and shine anywhere from 6:30 to 7:30 A. M. It all depends on how good the Master-at-Arms (CQ in the army) is at getting you out, and how fast you are able to get ready, make your bunk and clean up your own little space, and still get to work on time. It's amazing how fast you can become! Our work for most of us is purely clerical—typing, shorthand, etc. There are a few among us who are machinists, welders, draftsman, and oh, yes, 7 or 8 cooks, telephone operators, etc. In this district, exams for advancement are given every three months, but you must have held your present rating six months before you can take the next pay grade up. I took the exam for yeoman second class on January 13 and was advanced to yeoman second class on February 1. It was quite a thrill to be able to wear that second stripe.

We have liberty from 5 P. M. until 12:00 midnight every night and until 1:00 A. M. on Sundays with 48 hour passes once a month and late passes at least once a week. Our CO at the barracks is a woman lieutenant (j.g.) She is the finest person I have ever met and treats us swell. We don't have any complaints on that score. As per usual, we all do our share of griping and we all have our bad days when everything goes wrong, but on the whole we wouldn't trade our uniform for a civilian dress if we were suddenly given a chance. Our hearts bleed, however, for those girls who can't seem to adjust themselves to life in the service and are always in a poor frame of mind. They are the ones who hate the service and are looking for a way out. As for myself, I wouldn't trade the world of experience, the travel, and the good friends I have made for all the things civilian life could offer.

I really have been going on and on here, but there is so much to say. I want to wish all you fellows and you girls, too, the best of luck. Oh, yes, my very good friend and former neighbor, Katherine Andrews of the WAVES is also stationed here in St. Louis. Up until today, they have been living in our barracks, but they are now living on the outside. It sure is nice to have someone from home so near at hand. Good bye for now and keep up the good work.

Gladys E. Puls, Y 2/c,
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Staff,

I received your December issue of the Sojourner yesterday. Reading it seems just like getting a letter from some of the boys you went to school with. All I can say is "keep them coming."

William J. Buhk AMM 1/c
Somewhere in South Pacific

Hello Fellows,

I'm in an infantry division. I'm one of those soldiers who changes camp every four hours. Our outfit has been on maneuvers now for eight months. The only garrison we've had was our basic training at Camp Adair, Oregon. From there we went on maneuvers in eastern Oregon. We were there for four months and then we moved to Arizona for more maneuvers. We were there only three months and then moved into California. We only have one month here, and then we go to an army camp. Rumors have us going to five different camps, but the strongest one has us going to Colorado. I guess they have a maneuver area there, because that's all this outfit sees.

Sgt. John Paulow
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Staff,

It seems wherever I go the Sojourner gets to me and I've been moving plenty in the last two years. I've just transferred to the Air Corps and will soon be leaving for college and cadet training.

I'd like to thank you again for sending the paper. It sort of brings the old gang together again. Well, I've got to sign off for now, 'cause tonight is pass night and I'm off for Denver and the Brass Rail. It's not like Bucky's but will have to do.

Sgt. Owen Clayton,
Buckley Field, Colo.

MARCH IN TWO RIVERS

Mar. 1—March comes in like a lamb; all-night ban on parking is lifted; as yet, no candidates for the posts on the council and school board.

Mar. 2—Three more local boys report for active duty.

Mar. 3—Annie Rooney is on the loose again—she ran away from the circus. Ward captains for Red Cross drive chosen.

Mar. 4—Police chief asks parents' help to curb childish pranks.

Mar. 5—March Lion ushered in all covered with fleecy white snow flakes.

Mar. 6—Manitowoc Legion Post given the beautiful Bleser home on Lincoln Blvd. as a memorial for Daniel Bleser, killed in action.

Mar. 7—Mark Cope, local pilot of a Fortress, is lauded by an Associated Press reporter, for mission over Berlin. 25 girls enroll in a new Red Cross Nurses Aides class.

Mar. 8—This is "National Save Your Vision Week" in the States!

Mar. 9—No news is good news—just a lot of ads to-night. So sorry!

Mar. 10—OPA checking gas ration books in this district. 19 grade school teams participate in basketball tournament at Community House. Coach Ed Hall and his Oshkosh Indians rated **Outstanding**. That's our Ed Hall.

Mar. 11—6 tons of tin collected in city breaks all local records—Two Rivers is all out in the war effort (all out of boys, too.)

Mar. 12—18th sub—U. S. S. Jallo—launched at Manitowoc.

Mar. 13—Shipyards given contract to build 11 additional subs, bringing total to 41.

Mar. 14—OPA is checking again—this time it's grocery stores. Clarence Petrashek spotting Japs in Southwest Pacific arrives home and tells us what you boys are doing.

Mar. 15—St. Luke's defeated in final game of grade school tournament by St. Pats of Menasha. Alimony Bureau is now a "Big Business" at Manitowoc Court House.

Mar. 15—Sailor, Marine and Soldier in V.F.W. ceremony.

Mar. 17—Street lights are targets for snowballers.

Mar. 18—Mercury hits zero and it's almost spring, too. Two 16-year old boys stage fist fight on Washington Street—police break it up.

Mar. 20—Two English soldiers guests at the Kuether home in Two Rivers. Gust Mrotek shoots 299 in bowling match.

Mar. 21—Robin sighted—SPRING! Rotary told whiskey will soon vanish if war continues.

Mar. 22—Wendell L. Willkie visits Manitowoc in campaign.

Mar. 24—Boxing Tournament held in high school gym.

Mar. 25—Car license deadline is April 1st and gas rations are cut.

Mar. 26—After a week of spring we have a heavy snowfall.

Mar. 28—Public grade school pupils enter State contest in tin can salvage drive.

Mar. 29—Ben Wolf named Commander of V. F. W. Local high school students invited to attend College Day at Manitowoc.

Mar. 30—City contributes 6 more MEN for active service. Picture and letter received by parents of Bill Krueger, Japanese prisoner. Fifty boys seek spot on high school track team.

Mar. 31—Last day of freedom for dogs. Food course for men to be offered at Vocational School. March goes out like a little lambsie divey.

INDUCTIONS

ARMY—Arthur McArthur.
NAVY—Otto Horner, Mark Alton Dupius.
AIR CORPS ENLISTED RESERVE—Emanuel H. Schramm.

ENGAGEMENTS

Violet Mueller and Sgt. Henry Shedivy.
Eunice Buhk and Pfc. Verlin Newman, Manitowoc.
Mary Lapean and Pfc. Clarence Paul Klust.
Lois Ann Broker and Don Lenz, Manitowoc.
Rita Niquette and Kenneth Lucke, Manitowoc.

MARRIAGES

Delores Carter, New Egypt, N. J., and Pfc. Howard J. Christoffel, Nov. 20, 1943.
Pfc. Jean S. Paulsen, WAC, Racine and Master Sergeant Chester A. Kuklis, February 14.
Harriet Duenkel, Manitowoc Rapids and Corp. Lester Burnette, March 1.
Iva Mae Lorge and Seaman 1/c Melvin Mahlik, March 9.
Alvina Vanne and Pfc. Robert Mahlik, March 9.
Mary Thompson, Manitowoc and Sgt. Russell Ha-scheck, March 11.
Marjorie Schroeder and Corp. Lester W. Stanull, March 11.
Beatrice J. Prochazka, Atwood, Kansas and Corp. Norman Hodek, March 16.
Lydia Marie Clarke and Pfc. Charlton Lance Hes-ton, Wilmette, Illinois, March 17.
Helen Edna Kiefer, Neenah, and Sgt. Raymond Mandel, March 22.

The following servicemen in the World War II have joined the local VFW post since the February publication of the Sojourner:

Edward J. McDonough	Russell Henrickson, Jr.
John J. Ahearn	John W. Mancel
Julius C. Lalko	John C. Henfer
Harry R. Zik	Clarence F. Petrashek
Harold L. Czechanski	Nicholas G. Peterik
Edward J. Korinek	Kenneth Owens
Kenneth J. Louisier	Virgil W. Brull
Edward R. Larson	Edward Abbet, Jr.
Hilary M. Wachtel	Rene H. Durocher
Walter Marquardt	Leonard J. Durocher
Lloyd A. Cherney	Gordon G. Durocher
Kenneth LaFleur	Sigmund Talarek (Lt. Col.)
Kenneth Wondrash	Walter K. Vertz
Norbert Krey	Ambrose H. Allie
Lavern Ploeckelman	Lloyd H. Krescheck
Elmo N. Tetzlaff	Clarence J. Jerabek
Roy R. Krenke	James A. Londo

This brings the total to 112. If any of you servicemen are interested in joining the local post, an application blank will be attached to the May issue of the Sojourner



HI, BOYS!

Well, guys, here it is time fer me to be reportin' again! Jest two years ago I wrote me first report. Gosh, lots of fellas have joined since that time.

Now let's see, we'll check up on some of the boys.

Some of the fellas are studyin' up on their German—they're lookin' forward to the day they march into Berlin. Fer instance, JOHN can say NEIN-ER auf wiedershehn.

Then there's RALPH who had a FEEST when he was home on furlough, 'cause he heard from RICHARD that the diet in the JUNGLES was mainly K-ration. He wanted to be well stocked, just in case!

DANIEL, while home the last time, decided to get married. Boy, YOURA lost man. You're now takin' orders from two sources, yer wife and yer C. O.

Like so many of us, PATRICK is waiting fer the DAY that this will all be over. LEWIS is in-KLEIN-ed to believe it may be soon.

RALPH'S girl is singin' "Nights are long since you went a-WEY". MELVIN is singin' too, it's "Mean TOME".

I guess HARRY is afraid he'll get ZIK when he boards the boat. However, RAYMOND doesn't feel that way for he has sailed on the car-FERRYS at Manitowoc.

You can rest assured that MARK isn't LYON(s) on his back under a shady tree, these days.

I find ORVAL sprucin' up a lot lately. Wonder if it's his wife, or is he just VANNE?

BETTE MAE has re-HURST her line over and over. Gotta make an impression on those sailors, you know!

RICHARD with his reddish hair and uniform, is certainly PEARCE-ing the hearts of many a gal these days.

GERALD, expectin' to go on a KRUSE, is teachin' LOYDE how to eat RICE with chop sticks. They jest might be heading fer China, who can tell.

EDWARD sure KEIP-s thinkin' about the football practice he had in high school. It sure comes in handy, aye what?

Lotta gals from Two Rivers are joining the WAVES. CHARLOTTE thinks it's JAECK-EL, it's wonderful.

It seems that MARK has to COPE with a lot of flirtations. All the girls think he looks wonderful in his uniform.

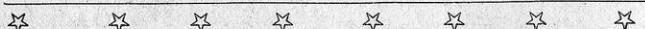
The other night EDWARD was expressing his VIEU-s on the subject of women. DONALD agreed with him that he wasn't FARR off when he said the world would be a lonely place without them. (Tee hee).

Then there's a plug fer the paper. PAUL says he could NEVEAU be blue knowing the Sojourner would come once a month to bolster up his morale.

RAY says it's ab-ZOERB to think the Army food is as good as home cooking, but DONALD says, "Oh, SHAW, it's O. K."

LYLE is jest about ready to HORN in on my report—so, so long for now. Be good.

Yers trooly,
Sgt. Snork



(Continued from page 1)

"Some day, when peace is finally ours and the hardships and sorrows of war are but a blight upon the pages of memory, the Sojourner will be just a memory, too. Right now, we're hoping it's very much of a reality to all of the fellows and if some letter or article brings the old home town close to them just once, I think our efforts will be sufficiently rewarded. Don't you? Jeepers, I'm tired! Let's go home and ask the Ouija board when spring will really come. It's getting so darned cold again. But that's just like Two Rivers, isn't it?"

Dear Staff,

I left New Caledonia and arrived in Guadalcanal, October 13, and since that your paper has been coming to me pretty good. The jungle has many little bugs, ants and lizards and what not.

Say, how was New Year's this year? Did anyone go out and have a good time? I hope the war will be over soon so we all can come home again and have a real New Year.

I see there aren't many fellows home anymore, because my sister wrote and told me that when she went to dances there were twenty-five girls to one fellow. Boy, I wish I was home with all those girls.

How are the jobs there? Back home, they wrote and told me they can't get anyone to work. Say, what happened to all the 4-F's? Where are they? I hope they don't run short of work when the war is over. That's when all the boys will want a job, even the married ones as they need to support their little family.

Well, how is the coolest spot in Wisconsin getting along?

Pfc. John W. Mancel Southwest Pacific

Dear Staff,

Since last writing, I have received two copies of the Sojourner for which I cannot tell you how grateful I am. Your paper seems to be the answer to a G. I.'s prayer. The news it contains is usually very, very interesting, especially from those G. I.'s still in the States. What a pity for them to go through all those hardships. Some of them don't even realize there is a place called home. We, overseas, realize only too much. Our boys haven't seen home for nearly two years now. Their fortitude and perseverance has been remarkable. This war has given them a deeper appreciation for the little and finer things of life. We're not asking for sympathy. All we ask is that they do their part and take it like a man.

To those men who serve justly and faithfully, my heart goes out to them. The glory that goes with it is rightly theirs. Theirs is the right to have and to hold the only one thing we all hope to see again—Home! Best of luck to all my buddies in the service. May God bless you.

Sgt. Norbert "Nubby" Krey
Somewhere in New Guinea

Dear Staff,

I received the February issue of your fine paper. To me it's like a letter from home, and you know what a letter from home means.

I am still at Camp Elliott. I finished my training in motor transport school and at the present I am driving ambulance while waiting to be shipped overseas, and I hope that will be soon.

Pfc. Ben Pritzl U. S. M. C.
San Diego, Calif.